SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XIX. | PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. S. W. Corner of Third and Chestnut Streets, Second Story. | PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 17, 1840. | TERMS. $2 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE No. 1003.

The Prisoner for Debt.

BY J. R. WHITTIER.

Look on him—through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the sunlight falls;
Chains clothing round him, one by one,
As if in loathed thrall.
Harkening to his weary bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His breathless cheek on its worn hand,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard,
And o'er his heavy fingers flow
His long uncurled locks of snow.

So grateful few harbor him grown,
And yet his wrong is known to all,
And o'er his hard cold prison gate
The fingered eyes point—
Point—more and more around,
A crowd, half mockery and half groan,
Form against him—and all scorn
Of the old callous is hooted up:
O'and and! creaking o'er the floor
Of old age chained and shackled!

Just God, why lives that old man there?
A murderer's curse is on his hand,
Whose eye hath through his horrid hair
Glared on him fiercely!
And the rude oath and heartless jest
Fall o'er on his unfeeling ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Scorn, fiend and fiend-like laugh and creep,
Whose ear shall hear the dungeon's moan hare,
Unmoved by such wonder know!

What has the gray haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so: his crime is a feebler one.
Gray man! with reverence bow before
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The felon's empty cell at last!
Pot time—the boon for which he pointed
Not young, but old, he comes at last,
And counted light the hurried cost—
His blood poured down to rust!

Oh, sir, for such a place as this!
Old prisoner, poured thy blood on earth
On Calvary's hill, and consecrated it?
And the scraps place?
Look forth, thou man of many years,
Through the low dungeon's iron bars,
It must be so, earth, by me
You monument upraised shall be!
Fond granite and a granite cell—
Thou tenant and gloomy host!

But when the patriot's solemn step
The prison's cold and gloomy walk
And through the open corridor and state
Rise on the wond and fall—
Think ye that then the dungeon air
Remains to the ground floor?
Think ye the walls and lasting cell
Is loathed at your ingratitude?
Narrowing of your own souls, and of both
What is your contrast to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen to the land,
So rulings from the withering curse
Of such foul blot as this!
Break the prisoner's loosing bonds
And usher from the loosening gloom
Of his tomb-like cell the captive,
To laughter, sun and air of God,
Nor longer cursed and abhorred
The clustering of the Almighty's hand.

The Meadow Dance.

A ROMANTIC TALE.

Ages ago, before Coningsboro' Castle was graced by the residence of the doughty Attalolaire, it was the dwelling place of a family, whose high rank and wealth rendered them second to none in the surrounding country. His fortunes, unimpaired from attainder, enhanced on all sides by the ties of blood and kindred, who feasted neither man nor God, the Black Baron of Coningsboro' and his court chiefs, because of the fame of his banquets for miles around. To him flocked numbers of discontented and vicious men, attracted from other society by their vicious or wild habits, and by those who had proved their prowess in the most athletic exercises and the deepest debauchery, did the Baron excel among his fellows, and arm for spoil and slaughter, when the first note should be heard of the approach of rich travellers, or surrounding the monasteries, or mansions of the lordly and opulent, should they be found to be unprepared by any in spite of all resistance, and made Coningsbro' one mass of drunken carousal, till an empty larder and a new foray, or some other call, sent forth his ruffianly freebooters. A pair of spurs, served to table in the first dish, was the cook's signal that his supper was prepared, and every one knew the baron's bugle to sound to horse. While, on his return, the manner of those prisoners from his last sortie, who had failed in procuring the sum stipulated for ransom, served to welcome the arrival of fresh wretches to his den of infamy, and showed many who had been plundered, and even unto the capacity of the robber was appeased.

Numerous were the conditions formed to destroy him, and many the schemes laid with the superstition of the age clothed these with supernatural terrors, and believed them to have compacted with the fiend, and to have rendered him invincible to danger and robust by wounds. This superstition, so favorable to habits of violence, it was their object to promote by the rapid lip and tongue of fame, and by bards, and the black robed of their homes, arms, and accoutrements. Their hair, mustaches, and beards were suffered to grow long and un-combed, and dyed black, to heighten their appearing by penance; whilst their cries of midnight and songs of triumph, were uttered in the most disordant humor. Long did they rule oppressors, till the just revenge of a disappointed lover swept them from the earth their atrocities had polluted.

Near the beautiful village of Bonchurch, is found a verdant strip of land known by the name of the Dancing Meadow. The a sweetly retired spot, and though it has been changed by the felling of the vast trees which shaded its entrance, and whose roots are still visible, it yet possesses many villatic terms, which, to think, dark foliage, affords delightful shelter from the noon-tide sun. A brook, clear as the fountain of the naiads, takes its course along one side, wandering in many a wave to the south and grassy dell," betraying only by its bubbling, as it leaps over the white pebbles, or shoots in long cascades over the rocks, that its bed is enamelled with an endless variety of simple, wild flowers, elastic grasses, and rare plants, a life's study for the scientific botanist.

The blooming daughters of the burghers were wont to assemble on the beautiful summer evenings, to enjoy each other's society in this enchanting vale. Their joyous songs startled the scenic thrushes from her neighboring bush, and their pretty feet lent deal the verdant carpet on the smart dance.

While many a pastime carried on the bank,
The young and gay, in sportive mood,

Here, too, on the evening before a nuptial day the fair betrothed assemble all the play-mates of her infant years, to whom circle she was about to bid farewell, and by whom, after the parting dance, she was escorted home with mirthful tripping and ion-rural gaiety.

Two maids-in-a were unanimously allowed to be the most beautiful of all their companions, and were most frequently elected to preside over their festivities. These were Bertha Wolderoff and Mary Sydon. United by the tenderest endearing friendship, they were inseparable companions, and in general elected jointly, "queens of the dance and leaders of the song." Twin strangers, too, that so close a friendship should unite them, and the palm of beauty be so equally bestowed, for in appearance they were totally dissimilar. Bertha was in figure tall and graceful, her locks "dark as the raven's wing," her eye black, bright, and piercing—her air, proud and commanding. Mary was about the middle size, or perhaps rather below it; more stout, though not less elegantly formed than her companion; as we would not say, inclined to the fair sex. Her complexion, pure as alabaster, through which the small blue veins above transpirited,—her cheek, the rosy blush of a summer even,—her bright auburn hair clustered over her low white brow, throwing into shade those sparkling, laughing, violet eyes, full of innocent enjoyment—the very home of Cupid.

Perchance had their passions been excited in the world, their characters had differed as their beauty. Bertha had been violent, haughty, and commanding; Mary, gentle, patient, quiet, and submissive; but in that calm retreat, where no storms called forth the lurking powers, or roused the fruitless of the human heart, they were alike gentle and affectionate; loving and trusting to each other without a doubt, or a false thought of envy; equally beloved by their companions, none could say which was the most endearingly beautiful, which the most delightful.

Two such maidens were not without a host of lovers; but the favored swains were Edward and Harry Clifford, their playmates and earliest associates. Harry was quiet, patient, and grave; yet he chose the dark eyed Bertha for his bride. Ed ward was quick, volatile, and sensitive, yet his heart was warmly alive to feelings of the tenderest sympathy; his disposition was affectionate, and the laughing, cheerful Mary, his choice of hand.

The day was appointed for their happy bridal; and the evening before found all the maidens of the village decked in their gayest accoutrements for that enchanting meadow. They were on the point of escorting home their lovely pair of betrothed brides, late in the clear moonlight night, and their arch-friend names had carefully sorted their songs of farewell gratulatio n. Bertha and Mary, each slender waist encircled by her dear friend's arm, had strolled toward the lower part of the strip of land, enjoying uninterrupted converse about their dear home, and their approaching happiness, from them shortly to exist in the exact nature of Coningsboro' sprang from behind a thicket, and clasping the shrinking maidens, bore them fainting to their astonished friends. The ruthless villains had been attracted to that peaceful spot by the voice of gaiety, and seized "the flowers of fairest fashion," as an acceptable booty for their savage lord.

Overwhelmed with terror, the pretty maids of Bonchurch fled to their homes, leaving the bridegroom and their companions. In a few minutes, the whole community was aroused by their cries and lamentations. Every man seized the alarm, and frantic with rage, loudly demanded vengeance. Edward flew to the dancing green below with his gallant band—it contained none who loved the track of the sweet rubers, with the sagacity and perseverance of a sleuth-hound; and though he vainly endeavored to overtake the villainous freebooters, or trace their path amid the intricacies of the forest, till he discovered they lent their way to the castle of Coningsboro'.

The dawn found the whole country in arms, and the town and neighborhood of Bonchurch in a state of frantic excitement. Every man was ready to march to the castle of Coningsboro', and demand the instant restoration of the captives. Edward returned to the village, and was received with shouts of vengeance; and unanimously endeavoring to rouse the men, he was chosen their leader pursuant to the unprincipled ravishers. Harry ran from group to group, imploring every one by all the ties that bound him to his fellow men, to march to the rescue of their daughters—by their love for the betrothed—by all their hopes of happiness, to put on their armor and follow him instantly.

With the first bright streaks of morning, the magistrates and elders had assembled every man capable of bearing arms, and under the most active irritation till more certainty was obtained of the destination of the spoilers. Edward returned from the castle more than maddened and dejected. Despite had driven the iron deep into his soul; his long cherished dream of happiness was dispelled at the moment of being fulfilled—the cup of bliss dashed from his lips just tasted. His gentle and affectionate Mary torn from his expecting bosom by men who knew no law but their own brutal, unbridled passions, was gone to certain fate, and his heart sank beneath the weight of woe. When, however, he beheld the assembled multitude ready to march at his call, when he heard their eager demands to be led in pursuit, his heart bounded from its load—his fatigue was forgotten—his nerves braced for action, and he felt a grand struggle for revenge. He hastily announced the castle of Coningsboro' as the abode of the spoilers, and called on the whole to arm for a grand struggle for revenge. He hastily announced the castle of Coningsboro' as the abode of the spoilers, and called on the whole to arm for a grand struggle for revenge. He hastily announced the castle of Coningsboro' as the abode of the spoilers, and called on the whole to arm for a grand struggle for revenge. Shouts of applause and the loud clash of armor, spoke how his hearers partook of his feelings—for every one knew the fate of his neighbor.—"Woe to the Black Raddit," was the universal cry.

Fired by feelings, however, endeavored to restrain their ardor. They represented the strength of the fortress compared to their own slender force—the danger of the garrison, the long time which must elapse before they could be destroyed, and the certainty of the abducted party being murdered at the moment their hostile approach was announced. But all in vain, in that portion of the multitude most devoted to the lady of the castle, were ordered, and to observe it more closely. At the last festival, and as if the absence of the maidens had not already been sufficient, the revelling was expected, another nuptial evening was appointed to be celebrated with more than ordinary splendor and festivity.

All the neighbors were invited to dance, and information duly forwarded to the surrounding villages and skirted districts.

The same tidings were also conveyed to the Lord Rudolf, who, at a banquet, announced them publicly to his knights and retainers; and loudly ridiculed the stupidity of the townsmen for attempting their daughters within his grasp. The wine was received with acclamations, and many of nothing extraordinary had occurred at the late festival, and as if the absence of the maidens had not already been sufficient, the revelling was expected, another nuptial evening was appointed to be celebrated with more than ordinary splendor and festivity.

All the neighbors were invited to dance, and information duly forwarded to the surrounding villages and skirted districts.

The same tidings were also conveyed to the Lord Rudolf, who, at a banquet, announced them publicly to his knights and retainers; and loudly ridiculed the stupidity of the townsmen for attempting their daughters within his grasp. The wine was received with acclamations, and many of those present took the same view of the matter. Others were of a different opinion, and muttered that the strength of the fortress compared to their own slender force—the danger of the garrison, the long time which must elapse before they could be destroyed, and the certainty of the abducted party being murdered at the moment their hostile approach was announced. But all in vain, in that portion of the multitude most devoted to the lady of the castle, were ordered, and to observe it more closely. At the last

it to and fro, as he was fond of doing by the hour together, surprised by its simple goodness, yet patient under his own inferiority, and aiming almost conscious of it too, and banished even before the mind of an infant—as if it made bare to see him thus, that shrivelled heart and brain, could be withdrawing into some secret place, fall down upon her knees and pray that he might be restored.

But the bitterness of her grief was not in behalf of him in this condition, when he was at least constant and tranquil, and in her solitary meditations on his altered state, though these were trials for a young heart. Came for deeper and heavier sorrow was yet to come.

One evening, a holiday night with them, Nell and her grandfather went out to walk. They had been rather closely confined for some days, and the weather being warm, they strolled a long distance. Clear of the town, they took a footpath which struck through some retired field, and meant that it would terminate in the road they quitted and enable them to return that way. It made, however, a much wider circuit than they had supposed, and thus they were tempted onward until sunset, when they reached the track of which they were in search, and stopped to rest.

It had been gradually getting overcast, and now the sky was dark and lowering, save where the glory of the departing sun piled up masses of gold and burning fire, decaying embers of which gleamed here and there through the black veil, and shone redly down upon the earth. The wind began to engage in hollow murmurs, as the sun went down carrying glad day elsewhere; and a train of dull clouds coming up against it, seemed thunder and lightning. Large drops of rain soon began to fall, and, as the storm-clouds came sailing onward, others supplied the void they left behind and spread over all the sky. Then it appeared how low rumbling of distant thunder, then the lightning quickened, and then the darkness of an hour seemed to gather round us instead.

Fearful of taking shelter beneath a tree or hedge, the old man and the child hurried along the high road, hoping to find some cottage or shed they could seek a refuge from the storm, which had now burst forth in earnest, and every moment increased in violence. Drenched with the pitiless rain, confused with the deafening thunder, and bewildered by the glare of the forked lightning, they would have passed a solitary house, without being aware of its vicinity, had not a man, who was standing at the door, called lustily to them to come in.

"Your ears ought to be better than other folks' at nay rate, if you make so little of the chance of being struck blind," he said, retreating from the door and shading his eyes with his hands as the jagged lightning came again. "What were you going past for, eh?" he added, as he closed the door and led the way along a passage to a room behind.

"We didn't see the house, sir, till we heard you calling," Nell replied.

"No wonder," said the man, "with this light rising in one's eyes, by-the-by. You had better stand by the fire here, and dry yourselves a bit. You can tell for what you like if you want any thing. If you don't want anything, you're not obliged to give an order, don't be afraid of that. This is a public-house, that's all. The Valiant Soldier is pretty well known hereabouts."

"Is this called the Valiant Soldier, sir?" asked Nell.

"I thought everybody knew that," replied the landlord. "Where have you come from, if you don't know the Valiant Soldier as well as the church catechism? This is the Valiant Soldier by Jemmy Groves—Jem Groves—honest Jem Groves, as is a man of unblemished moral character, and has a good dry skittle-ground. If any man has got a right to say again that child, it is let him say it to Jem Groves, and Jem Groves can accommodate him with a customer on any terms from here to Shropshire to-day."

With these words, the speaker tapped himself on the waistcoat to intimate that he was the Jem Groves so highly eulogized, spurred scientifically at a counterfeit Jem Groves, who was sparring in society in general, from a black frame over the chimney-piece, and applying a half-emptied glass of spirits and water to his lips, drank Jem Groves's health.

The night being warm, there was a large settee-fixture across the room, for a barrier against the heat of the fire. It seemed as if somebody on the other side of the screen had been consuming double of Mr. Groves's province, and had thereby given rise to these agnostical expressions, for Mr. Groves wound up his defiance by giving a loud knock upon it with his knuckles and pausing for a reply from the other side.

"There ain't many men," said Mr. Groves, in answer being returned, "who would venter by cross Jem Groves under his own roof. There's only one man, I know, that has nerve enough for that, and that man's not a hundred miles from here neither. But he's worth a dozen men, and I let him say of me whatever he likes in cross-quarrels—he knows that."

To this remark the complementary address, a very gruff hoarse voice beside Mr. Groves "hold his noise and light a candle." And the hoarse voice remarked that the same gentlemen "stood at waste his breath in brag, for most people knew pretty well what sort of stuff he was made of."

"Nell, they're—they're playing cards," whispered the old man, suddenly interested. "Don't you hear them?"

"I took sharp with that candle," said the voice; "it's as much as I can do to see the pips on the cards as it is; and get the shutter closed as quick as you can, do you! Your nose will be like worse for to-night's thunder, I expect,—frame frozen and sixpence to me, old Isaac. Hand over."

"Do you hear, Nell, do you hear them?" repeated the old man again with increased earnestness, as the money chinked upon the table.

"I heard more than the cards as well," said a sharp cracked voice of most disagreeable quality, when a tremendous peal of thunder had died away, "more than a ten-old Judas Williams's man thirteen times running, upon the red. We all said he had the Devil's luck and his nerve, and as it was the Devil's right for the Devil's men that's and busy. I suppose he was looking over his shoulder, if any body could have seen him."

Ah! returned the gruff voice to it again to all Luke's winning through thick and thin of late years. I remember the time when he was the unluckiest and unfortunatest of men. He hadn't took a dice-box in his hand, or held a card, but he was plucked, pigeoned, and cleaned out quite plucky."

"Ah you hear what he says?" whispered the old man. "Do you hear that, Nell?"

The child sat with astonishment and alarm that his whole appearance had undergone a complete change. His face was flushed and eager, his eyes were strained from their sockets, his breath came short and thick, and the hand he laid upon her arm trembled so violently that she shook beneath its grasp.

"Hear witness," he muttered, looking upward, "that I always said it; that I knew it, dreamed of it, felt it was the truth, and that it must be so! What money have we, Nell? Have I won you with money yesterday? What money have we? Give it to me."

"No, no, let me keep it, grandfather," said the frightened child. "Let us go away from here. Do not mind the rain. Pray, let us go."

"Give it to me, I say," returned the old man fiercely. "Hush, hush, don't cry, Nell. If I spoke sharply, dear, I didn't mean it. It's for thy good. I mean good then, Nell, may I die right there yet, I will indeed. Where is the money?"

"Do not take it," said the child. "Pray, do not take it, dear. For both our sakes let me keep it, or let me throw it away—better let me throw it away, than you take it now. Let us go; do let us go."

"Give me the money," returned the old man, "I must have it. There—there—that's my dear Nell. I'll right thee one day, child, I'll right thee, never fear."

She took from her pocket a little purse, and seized it with the same rapid impetuosity which had characterized his speech, and hastily made his way to the other side of the screen. It was impossible to restrain him, and the trembling child followed him quickly.

The landlord had placed a light upon the table, and was engaged in drawing the curtain of the window. Two customers whom they had heard were two men who had a pack of cards and some silver money between them, while upon the screen itself the gigantic shadow had played were united in skull. The man with the rough voice was a burly fellow of middle age with large black whiskers, broad chest, and a coarse wide mouth, and bull neck, which was pretty freely displayed as his shirt collar was only confined by a loose red neckerchief. He seemed, to the child, who was a brownish-white, and had beside him a thick knotted stick. The other man whom his companion had called Isaac, was of a more slender figure—stooping, and high in the shoulders—but with a very ill-favored face, and a most sinister small eyes.

"Now, old gentleman," said Isaac, looking round. "Do you know either of us? This side of the screen is private, sir."

"No offence, I hope," returned the old man.

"But, by G—, sir there is offence," said the other, interrupting him, "when you intrude upon the private ear of gentlemen who are particularly engaged."

"I had no intention to offend," said the old man, looking anxiously at the cards. "I thought that—"

"But you had no right to think, sir," retorted the other. "What the devil has a man at your time of life to do with thinking?"

"Now, bully boy," said the stout man, raising his head from the cards for the first time, "can't you let him speak?"

The landlord, who had apparently resolved to remain neutral until he knew which side of the question the stout man would espouse, chimed in at this place with "Ah, to be sure, can't you let him speak?"

"Can't I let him speak," sneered Isaac in reply, mimicking so nearly as he could, in his shrill tones, the voice in question. "Yes, I can let him speak, Jemmy Groves."

"Well then do it, will you?" said the landlord Mr. Isaac's equals assumed a pestilence charac-ter, which seemed to threaten a prolongation of this controversy, when his companion, who had been looking sharply at the old man, put a timely stop to it.

"Who knows," said he, with a cunning look, "but the gentleman may have secretly meant to make a friend of me, and so have thrown it in my way with us?"

"I did mean it," cried the old man. "That is what I mean. That is what I want now."

"I thought so," returned the stout man. "Then who knows but the gentleman, anticipating our objection to play for love, is really desirous to play for money?"

The old man replied by shaking the little purse in his eager hand, and then throwing it down upon the table, and gathering up the cards as a miser would clutch at gold.

"Why, then, indeed," said Isaac: "if that's what the gentleman meant, I beg the gentleman's pardon. Is this the gentleman's little purse? A very pretty one indeed for a purse. I'll just, added Isaac, throwing it into the air and catching it dexterously, "bet enough to amuse a gentleman in his own house with."

"We'll make a four-handed game of it, and take in Groves," said the stout man. "Come, Jemmy."

The landlord, who conducted himself like one who was well used to such little parties, apparently to the little owner's great joy, drew a chair, in a perfect agony, drew her grandfather aside, and implored him, even then, to come away.

"Come—come—we're ready to begin," said the stout man.

"We will be happy," replied the old man, hastily. "Let me go Nell. The means of happiness are in the child's hand, I tell you. She must rise from little winnings to great. There's little to be won here; but great will come in time. I shall bet with luck my own, and it's all for her, my darling."

"God help us!" cried the child. "Oh! what hard fortune brought us here!"

"Hush!" said the old man, laying his hand upon her mouth; "fortune will not hear chiding. We must not reproach her, or she will leave us. I have found that out."

"Now, mister," said the stout man, "if you're not coming yourself, give us the cards, will you?"

"I am coming," cried the old man. "Sit then down, Nell, sit then down, and look on. Be of good heart, it's all for thee—all—every penny. I don't tell thee, my own child, you wouldn't pi y, dreading the chance that such a come must give me. Look at them. See what they are, and what they art. Who doubts that we must win?"

The gentlemen has thought better of it, and won't come," said Isaac, taking up the cards in his hand to deal them. "I'm sorry the gentleman's doubts—nothing venter, nothing have that the gentleman knew his company."

"Why I am ready. You have all been slow but me," said the old man. "I wonder who's been winning. Let me look at it."

As he spoke, he drew a chair to the table; and the other three chairing round it at the same time, the game commenced.

The child sat by, and watched its progress with a troubled mind. Regardless of the run of luck, and mindful only of the desperate passion which had taken hold upon the old gambler, her and gains were to her alike. Exulting in some brief triumph, or cast down by a defeat, then he would or wild and bodily, she shuddered and intensely anxious, so terribly eager, so ravenous for the paltry stakes, that she could have almost better have seen him dead. And yet when the smallest cause of all this torture, and he, gambling with such a savage thirst for gain as the most confirmed gambler never felt, had not one selfish thought.

On the contrary, the other three—knaves and fools—were heavy losers; a great deal of money came game, were yet as cool and quiet as if every virtue had been centered in their breasts. None lost and won, but all played alike.

Some time passed, and it came to another, or to snuff the feeble candle, or to glance at the lightning as it shot through the open window and illumined the darkness for a minute. And then the incessant cause of all this torture, and he, gambling with such a savage thirst for gain as the most confirmed gambler never felt, had not one selfish thought.

On the contrary, the other three—knaves and fools—were heavy losers; a great deal of money came game, were yet as cool and quiet as if every virtue had been centered in their breasts. None lost and won, but all played alike.

Some time passed, and it came to another, or to snuff the feeble candle, or to glance at the lightning as it shot through the open window and illumined the darkness for a minute. And then the incessant cause of all this torture, and he, gambling with such a savage thirst for gain as the most confirmed gambler never felt, had not one selfish thought.

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1840.

Franklin Institute.

The exhibition of American manufactures at the Masonic Hall, still continues to attract visitors. We do not think it equal to the one held two years since at the same place, though it is a highly gratifying evidence of the advanced state of American manufacturers.

The first room which you enter, is in a temporary building, erected at the front of the main structure, and contains every variety of stoves and other cooking apparatus. The kitchen range attract much attention. There are besides, in this apartment, numerous specimens of carriages and fire-engines, besides a great variety of other heavy articles, that could not find a place in the interior of the building.

The second room contains the automaton chess player, and other curious pieces of mechanism. The chess player makes quite a display of checks, but, as is now known, only for the purpose of a blind, as the figure is moved by a man, secreted within the chest. This discovery was made public several years since, and the names of the inventors, and the principles of their construction, during his long career, made known. One of the best players in Paris for a long time performed this deity, and many curious pieces are related of his career, as the automaton chess player.

The third room is filled with boots, pantaps, inkstands, and other products of the finer arts. The carriages, with one or two exceptions, are little credit to our artists. Among the curiosities are impressions taken from medals by means of galvanism, acting on a solution of sulphate of copper, and precipitating the metal on the surface of the die. There are also many fine specimens of daguerreotype paintings.

The fourth room is filled, principally, with cabinet ware of every variety and pattern.

The fifth room displays a very handsome assortment of pianos from all the principal manufactories in the union.

The sixth room is filled with jewellery, plate, &c.

The seventh room contains surgical instruments, and a great variety of other specimens of fine mechanism.

The eighth room is filled with wood clocks, carpets, floor-cloth, geometrical drawings, &c. &c. of the loom. As curious a machine as is found in this department is the Fly Frame of Mr. Adams, which twists and winds the thread.

The ninth room contains steam and other engines, besides various models of bridges.

To mention in detail all the various articles in these departments would be impossible in our narrow space. We therefore shall merely say again that the whole exhibition is a proud monument to American arts and industry.

The Elections.

For nearly a month the whole nation will be engaged in the elections. Most of the States will elect on the last Tuesday during this month, and on the 30th inst. the great Presidential contest will commence. As our subscribers will receive the paper in time for the election, we shall rarely and quickly as possible, we shall pay particular attention to the compilation of exact tables of returns. We shall endeavor to present a true picture of the real state of the contest in every stage of its progress. All that care and labor can do to render our paper full, and information, and to give it to our readers, shall be done. The Saturday Evening Post will be invaluable for the summary of the election news.

Madness.

The well known medical tailor, Mahan, has already published his plate of Fell and Wister Fashions. It was lithographed by J. T. Bowen, of Chestnut above Fifth, and has been throwing it off in great numbers. We understand that the proprietors are about compacting the plate in a book containing instructions for cutting, with the necessary diagrams. Every tailor should have one in his parlor season.

The Cotton Crop.

The Vicksburg Sentinel states that with the exception of the caterpillar, the prospect for the cotton crop on the Mississippi, Red River and Alabama, was very promising until a few weeks back. It says:

"But from various parts of the State as well as from Louisiana, we regret to learn that the worm is making terrible ravages. We have been informed by the intelligent planters in the interior way that within the last month nearly one half their bolls have been destroyed, and from present appearances there will not make half a crop. We understand that the cotton crop is much injured in Tennessee by continued heavy rains in August. From Mississippi, Louisiana, and the lower portions of this State in which the crop was planted, but the prospects and ingress ion of the worm have left it to take care of itself; we may look for short crop."

The Quincy Sentinel states that the cotton crop has been seriously injured within that portionth throughout middle Florida. The St. Joseph Times of the 26th ult. says: "Accounts from the interior are very gloomy in regard to the cotton crop. The ravages of the caterpillar are extensive, but more serious damages have been sustained by the heavy rains that have at most universally prevailed."

The Apalachicola Advertiser says: "We are informed that the caterpillar has destroyed cotton and in those east of it, to suffering severely from the ravages of the caterpillar. Our informant says he has not seen the insect himself, but is certainly ominous, so terribly eager, so ravenous for the paltry stakes, that she could have almost better have seen him dead. And yet when the smallest cause of all this torture, and he, gambling with such a savage thirst for gain as the most confirmed gambler never felt, had not one selfish thought.

Continued on our next sheet.

BOOTS AS SIGNBOARDS.—A commercial gentleman passing through the Lancaster's county, at one of the inns in Reisley, inquired for the house. In a few minutes a shatoop of a lad, in rustic habiliments, presented himself. "Where is your master, my good boy?" "He's gone to the horse." The rough, unpolished, no doubt, that the gentleman was up to sport, replied: "No! Fine the stockings, sir." The traveller not exactly comprehending the answer, asked him: "what he meant by such a reply?" "Why, sir," responded the boy in a sort of a simple laugh, "Fine the stockings, sir." "Stockings! what do you mean by stockings, you impertinent snapper you." "Who sir," said the boy, with an unaltered countenance, "I me under boots, so he must be stockings sir." The gentleman turned round to the window in a twitter, and the rogue of a lad walked stinkingly away, whistling the air "Oh, a hagman's life is the life for me!"

BEAUTIFUL.—Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the twain never far apart.

New Publications.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, No. 5, 6, 7.—*Carey & Hart.*—Three more numbers of this excellent work are on our table. They carry on the story with unabated spirit and humor. Few scenes are more laughter-moving than "The last day at Trinity." Frank Webber, is an epicy a character as author ever imagined. The whole three numbers, in short, equal the best portions of Harry Lorrequer.

The illustrations are not the least amusing portion of this edition. They are from excellent designs, and are executed with much spirit.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.—No 12.—*Lea & Blanchard.*—This number contains a dedication of Master Humphrey's Clock to Samuel Rogers, author of The Pleasures of Memory. The illustrations as well as the matter are excellent.

"THE YOUNG PRIMA DONNA, *A Romance by Mrs. Gore, Author of the Dark—2 vols.—Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—This work as far as we have perused it, is in Mrs. Gray's happiest vein. The entertainment incident to election week, has attracted our attention to other matters, but we shall resume it at our earliest leisure, and give such a critical notice of its merit, as we may think it deserves.

Music.

A variety of fine pieces of new music have made their appearance to delight the polonai so as the musical season opens. Under the auspicies of "Tipocanoe Marches," "Grand Marches," "Waltzes, Songs," etc. One of the best of the collection is "Whig Quick Step," under the above title, by Mr. James Kendall, the finest bugalist, and clarionet player in the U. States, now leads the band at West Point. If any thing can be said to be beautiful being, the thrilling tones of his bugal, sound the reminiscence, and the bills of the Hudson will answer a soldierly spirit in the bosom of the young cadets.

FINE PIANOS.—In this age of humbug, it is often the case, that upstart ignorance, by dint of sound puffs, forces itself into the notice of the unwary, and presses it with its retiring modesty somewhat into the shade. We are happy, however, to say that the public taste is not in this respect, and we rejoice to see that the establishment of Mr. Scherr, piano forte manufacturer, in Chesnut near Sixth street, is justly celebrated, the finish of the tone. As curious a machine as is found in this department is the Fly Frame of Mr. Adams, which twists and winds the thread.

The ninth room contains steam and other engines, besides various models of bridges.

To mention in detail all the various articles in these departments would be impossible in our narrow space. We therefore shall merely say again that the whole exhibition is a proud monument to American arts and industry.

The Elections.

For nearly a month the whole nation will be engaged in the elections. Most of the States will elect on the last Tuesday during this month, and on the 30th inst. the great Presidential contest will commence. As our subscribers will receive the paper in time for the election, we shall rarely and quickly as possible, we shall pay particular attention to the compilation of exact tables of returns. We shall endeavor to present a true picture of the real state of the contest in every stage of its progress. All that care and labor can do to render our paper full, and information, and to give it to our readers, shall be done. The Saturday Evening Post will be invaluable for the summary of the election news.

Madness.

The well known medical tailor, Mahan, has already published his plate of Fell and Wister Fashions. It was lithographed by J. T. Bowen, of Chestnut above Fifth, and has been throwing it off in great numbers. We understand that the proprietors are about compacting the plate in a book containing instructions for cutting, with the necessary diagrams. Every tailor should have one in his parlor season.

The Cotton Crop.

The Vicksburg Sentinel states that with the exception of the caterpillar, the prospect for the cotton crop on the Mississippi, Red River and Alabama, was very promising until a few weeks back. It says:

"But from various parts of the State as well as from Louisiana, we regret to learn that the worm is making terrible ravages. We have been informed by the intelligent planters in the interior way that within the last month nearly one half their bolls have been destroyed, and from present appearances there will not make half a crop. We understand that the cotton crop is much injured in Tennessee by continued heavy rains in August. From Mississippi, Louisiana, and the lower portions of this State in which the crop was planted, but the prospects and ingress ion of the worm have left it to take care of itself; we may look for short crop."

The Quincy Sentinel states that the cotton crop has been seriously injured within that portionth throughout middle Florida. The St. Joseph Times of the 26th ult. says: "Accounts from the interior are very gloomy in regard to the cotton crop. The ravages of the caterpillar are extensive, but more serious damages have been sustained by the heavy rains that have at most universally prevailed."

The Apalachicola Advertiser says: "We are informed that the caterpillar has destroyed cotton and in those east of it, to suffering severely from the ravages of the caterpillar. Our informant says he has not seen the insect himself, but is certainly ominous, so terribly eager, so ravenous for the paltry stakes, that she could have almost better have seen him dead. And yet when the smallest cause of all this torture, and he, gambling with such a savage thirst for gain as the most confirmed gambler never felt, had not one selfish thought.

On the contrary, the other three—knaves and fools—were heavy losers; a great deal of money came game, were yet as cool and quiet as if every virtue had been centered in their breasts. None lost and won, but all played alike.

Some time passed, and it came to another, or to snuff the feeble candle, or to glance at the lightning as it shot through the open window and illumined the darkness for a minute. And then the incessant cause of all this torture, and he, gambling with such a savage thirst for gain as the most confirmed gambler never felt, had not one selfish thought.

Steam Fire Engine.

We have learned that the final denial of the Select Committee on Arts and Sciences, to Capt. J. Ericsson. The successful plan is that of an engine weighing less than 2 1-4 tons, that with the lowest estimated power has a power of 100 men, and will throw 3000 lbs of water per minute to a height of 160 feet, through a nozzle of 1 1-2 inches diameter. By screwing the speed to the greatest limit easily and safely attainable, the quantity of water thrown may be much augmented.

The New York Mercury contains four views of the engine, and a good description of it. The inventor says, the best way of keeping the engine always in readiness, is that of having a small boiler or hot water stove erected in the place where the engine is kept, and by means of a connecting pipe, with a screw joint keep up heat in the engine boiler; the fire grate or flues of which should be kept very clean, with dry shavings, wood and coke carefully laid in the furnace, ready for ignition: a torch should always be at hand to warm with the moment notice. One or two horses should always be kept in an adjoining stable for its transportation. To this fire engine establishment the sound of fire should be given, without intermission or delay, the horses being put, the red attached connecting the carriage wheel to the bellows, and the fuel ignited, the engine may on all ordinary occasions be at its destination, and in full operation, within ten minutes.

Presenting to the Ark.

In the city of New York, a Mr. Davidson, author of a work on Phrenology, delivers a set of lectures on the subject of navigating the air. Mr. D. in a card to the public, states that he is "the author of the project for navigating the air by steam, and that its object the transportation of the mails, through the air—by land and sea—at the speed of 100 miles an hour." Notwithstanding this, we have reason to suppose that such a thing as a mode of travelling through the air by steam, under the present laws, are strongly inclined to believe that it will eventually be effected. Abstractly considered, the navigation of the air is not more impossible, as the fact of its being navigated by birds, than the navigation of the sea. As to the speed of 100 miles an hour, we have no doubt whatever, that it could be performed by eight or ten miles an hour. Had a pair of steam-hogs, and a pair of lucid boats been elevated—likewise a boiler, with steering gear at the stern, and a pair of wings, and being sent down from the clouds, would have been the wonder of the world. Mr. Davidson's project is not half so ridiculous as that of Mr. Smith over No. 5 North Second street. The actions of the window shutter had been taken out. Stanton was examined before the Mayor on Monday morning, when the lady was arraigned by Ebenezer Newall, a young man, who slept in a room adjoining Mr. Smith's, and who had seen him on the window sill of the house, and making an alarm; they both ran off, but Stanton was caught in the yard, having one of the boards of the watch-box stained, and the other getting upon a fence into an adjoining yard, leaving his shoes, unchanged and his hat behind. Stanton is defendant of Smith.

Arrest of the Lotto Affair.

Mr. Newnall publishes in the Philadelphia a facsimile of Friday of last week, another letter to the editors in relation to the difficulties existing between the board of directors of the Schuylkill Bank, and himself as to the escape of Hosea J. Lewis.

A Thrilling Incident.

The Journal of Commerce gives the following incidents as connected with the late attack of the savages upon Indian Key, which it will be remembered was followed by the loss of 15 lives, and arose around the house of Dr. Perrine, he addressed them from the rapids of his house in Spanish, telling them that he was a physician and they could have no motive for injuring him or his family, upon which they went away. They returned, however, in the morning, and in a more determinate. The last fact is proved by the evidence of a gentleman who saw them, and does not add much to the interest of the story. Dr. Perrine and family saw he watch them, and who came out the night all lulled to, they remained at the depot until all the passengers were gone from the boat, and the sun.

Railroad Accidents.

The public mind every where seems to be at this time much excited upon the subject of railroad accidents, and inquiries are daily being propounded as to the best mode of inventing them without, if practicable, diminishing the speed of the cars. Various suggestions are made. One suggests that a flash of sulphurous fire should be kept burning in front of the engine, which would be suddenly brought up against it when off the rail: but then such a bank fire would be of little use on the summit of a hill, and another suggests more wheels in the locomotive, and another wider flanges to the wheels. We agree, however, with the Signal, that some more safe and efficient point out a decided remedy for the frequent accidents by which railroad travelling is rendered so dear, sufficiently capable be employed, and that the lives of thousands be not daily trusted as they are, for the sake of a few minutes gain in the time of a journey, on some of the principles of the steam engine.

A Clerical Linguist.

Bishop Delancy, of the Episcopal Church, in the Buffalo Advertiser, cautions the public against a Mr. Bonfoy, who has been in that city, and who has imposed on commercial clergymen of the Church of England, a diploma of Oxford University, Doctor of Divinity, and of the Royal College of Surgeons, and other titles in England, on his way to Canada, on ecclesiastical business. It appears that he was well received as Dr. Bonfoy, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a hypocrite. At the Bishop says he was a school teacher in Ohio, has a wife and child living there, and has been arrested for debt in Buffalo: and that if he be a clergyman at all, he is one of a most unworthy character. He is described as a man of about 5 feet 8 inches high, sandy hair, light blue eyes, his front teeth large and prominent, his shoulders broad, and has quiet slow and heavy manner.

Three Murders.

We learn that three murders were committed in the parish of Rapides, La., within the week. The first was a man found murdered on the Macon road about 8 miles from Alexandria; the second was found on the Big Creek road, having been shot in the head—the last was a man discovered lying together in a river. When taken out, he was found to be murdered, and a sack of wood tied around his neck, and a rope around his feet. Not the least trace of the murderers has been discovered. On the same week a fracas occurred in the parish of Natchitoches, between Mr. Charles Jones and Mr. C. Holliday. The former received two dog wounds, the wounds cause no contact with a rock, and no wonder was the shock, that one of the gentlemen was thrown out, and died shortly his head upon the pavement—The other gentleman remained on the carriage, and the house continued his flight. Nine wounded men were taken up senseless, and conveyed to the residence of Dr. Hunt, and from thence to the City Hospital, where he soon died, without sufficiently entering his faculties to disclose his name or residence.

Cure of Deformed Limbs and Club Feet without Pain.

Dr. Chase of this city, will shortly commence his winter course of lectures on Harmonic and analogous diseases, combined with mechanical surgery, applicable to the corrections of distortions, such as curvatures of the spine, contractions of the limbs and club-feet. This branch of surgery is one of great interest and importance, and presents a field of scientific usefulness heretofore almost unexplored.

The Pennsylvanian in speaking upon the subject says:—" We take this opportunity of referring to it, having ourselves witnessed in several remarkable instances the happy results accomplished by means purely mechanical, in the cure of distortions of a very formidable character.

The principle upon which they were treated was that of exerting a gentle constant force upon the parts of a distorted or congenital deformity, by the application of instruments whose beautiful simplicity and certainty of operation, gradually and quietly restored the part to its proper position, without recourse to a more violent method. They are so adjusted as to effect an tension in the cure of contracted limbs, or of that painful, embarrassing and unsightly deformity known as club foot, by gradual process, that we have been surprised to find how readily the parts, that at first might almost seem to bid defiance to mechanical aspirants, have thus permanently taken on the natural position.

Often in a few days, and generally in a few weeks persons who had for the greatest part of their lives been cripples of the most distressing kind, are enabled to walk with ease and grace. We have never seen the operation, but also to exercise their limbs with comfort and freedom. Our imitation of the process of the cure is called, as which the patient had her foot so twisted, if we may use the word, that the upper part rested upon the ground—a position which in her case only able to do with the aid of a crutch. This deformity has been so far remedied that it is now the appearance of a well formed foot. We understand that Dr. Chase is confined to his room with a swollen foot, charged with having assaulted the wife of another gentleman. We presume, however, that he will be immediately released from the room with a swollen ankle, with intent to kill. The blow killed the poor woman in the foot, from which she died in a few minutes.

The Murder in Rivulet.

We published, in our paper, of Saturday last the dreadful fact of a mans cutting his wife's throat with a murdered his child in Exeter, N. H., and hanging her. The details of the horrid deed come to us in the Exeter News Letter, and are as follows:

Mrs. Ferguson stated that she had been absent from her husband, that evening together for a short time, and indeed her to "show the marks." After supper Mr. Ferguson went out, and requested the child that he would not abuse his wife that night, but would be quiet, and if he did not, he would kill her. He then went and leave her, for he would not live with her more. The children soon after went to bed, and were in the house with him, and she finally committed, according to her own statement, to sleep with her husband and their children, the eldest being about 12 years old. She had not been asleep but a little while, when she awakened by the discharge of a gun. They run into another room, and found her husband with the gun in the floor, and their father standing by. They asked what he had done, and he answered that he had killed her. She requested him to let her upon the bed and he did so. She then inquired of Mrs Smith over No 5 North Second street. The actions of the window shutter had been taken out. Stanton was examined before the Mayor on Monday morning, when the lady was arraigned by Ebenezer Newall a young man, who slept in a room adjoining Mr. Smith's, and who had seen him on the window sill of the house, and making an alarm; they both ran off, but Stanton was caught in the yard, having one of the boards of the watch-box stained, and the other getting upon a fence into an adjoining yard, leaving his shoes, unchanged and his hat behind. Stanton is defendant of Smith.

Arrest of the Lotto Affair.

Mr. Newnall publishes in the Philadelphia a facsimile of Friday of last week, another letter to the editors in relation to the difficulties existing between the board of directors of the Schuylkill Bank, and himself as to the escape of Hosea J. Lewis.

A Thrilling Incident.

The Journal of Commerce gives the following incidents as connected with the late attack of the savages upon Indian Key, which it will be remembered was followed by the loss of 15 lives, and arose around the house of Dr. Perrine, he addressed them from the rapids of his house in Spanish, telling them that he was a physician and they could have no motive for injuring him or his family, upon which they went away. They returned, however, in the morning, and in a more determinate. The last fact is proved by the evidence of a gentleman who saw them, and does not add much to the interest of the story. Dr. Perrine and family saw he watch them, and who came out the night all lulled to, they remained at the depot until all the passengers were gone from the boat, and the sun.

Railroad Accidents.

The public mind every where seems to be at this time much excited upon the subject of railroad accidents, and inquiries are daily being propounded as to the best mode of inventing them without, if practicable, diminishing the speed of the cars. Various suggestions are made. One suggests that a flash of sulphurous fire should be kept burning in front of the engine, which would be suddenly brought up against it when off the rail: but then such a bank fire would be of little use on the summit of a hill, and another suggests more wheels in the locomotive, and another wider flanges to the wheels. We agree, however, with the Signal, that some more safe and efficient point out a decided remedy for the frequent accidents by which railroad travelling is rendered so dear, sufficiently capable be employed, and that the lives of thousands be not daily trusted as they are, for the sake of a few minutes gain in the time of a journey, on some of the principles of the steam engine.

A Clerical Linguist.

Bishop Delancy, of the Episcopal Church, in the Buffalo Advertiser, cautions the public against a Mr. Bonfoy, who has been in that city, and who has imposed on commercial clergymen of the Church of England, a diploma of Oxford University, Doctor of Divinity, and of the Royal College of Surgeons, and other titles in England, on his way to Canada, on ecclesiastical business. It appears that he was well received as Dr. Bonfoy, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a hypocrite. At the Bishop says he was a school teacher in Ohio, has a wife and child living there, and has been arrested for debt in Buffalo: and that if he be a clergyman at all, he is one of a most unworthy character. He is described as a man of about 5 feet 8 inches high, sandy hair, light blue eyes, his front teeth large and prominent, his shoulders broad, and has quiet slow and heavy manner.

Passage of Letters.

Letters of all sorts not exceeding half an ounce in weight, may be sent through Great Britain for one penny, and the same proportion for greater weights.

Letters may be sent from this country, if sent by packet twelve times, and if by private ship, eight times for above rates. This applies to Canada's line, and on the Great Western Steamer.

Letters from foreign ports for the Continent except France, must be post paid on England.

Letters from foreign ports for the Continent except France, must be post paid on England.

Letters for the packet must be delivered at the post office shops, pay 25 cents, and for this are sent to any part of England.

Letters sent hence by the steam ships cost twenty-five cents postage, which is exclusive of the charge for the inland postage. Letters sent by the inland steam ships from Boston, cost only the postage hence to that city, or one cent each letter depended on the Post office there.

Three Murders.

We learn that three murders were committed in the parish of Rapides, La., within the week. The first was a man found murdered on the Macon road about 8 miles from Alexandria; the second was found on the Big Creek road, having been shot in the head—the last was a man discovered lying together in a river. When taken out, he was found to be murdered, and a sack of wood tied around his neck, and a rope around his feet. Not the least trace of the murderers has been discovered. On the same week a fracas occurred in the parish of Natchitoches, between Mr. Charles Jones and Mr. C. Holliday. The former received two dog wounds, the wounds cause no contact with a rock, and no wonder was the shock, that one of the gentlemen was thrown out, and died shortly his head upon the pavement—The other gentleman remained on the carriage, and the house continued his flight. Nine wounded men were taken up senseless, and conveyed to the residence of Dr. Hunt, and from thence to the City Hospital, where he soon died, without sufficiently entering his faculties to disclose his name or residence.

City News.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—On Sunday the Coroner held an inquest on the west side of the Schuylkill, opposite the Upper Ferry, of the body of a man found drowned in the Schuylkill, name unknown. The deceased appeared to be about 45 years of age, and was dressed in a brown linen roundabout, black silk vest, black silk cravat, blue cotton pants, and coarse boots. On his chest was marked the name of Thomas Dillon. Verdict accordance with the facts.

SUDDEN CHARGE.—Two men named Hugh Skaddel and Abraham Smith, were bound over in the sum of $500 each on Saturday morning by the Recorder on a charge of swearing to commit the heinous crime of perjury. It appeared that Skaddles had on Friday at previous applied to the Naturalization Committee as one of the Board of Guardians of the Poor, for the purpose of being made a citizen, and had paid Donaldson fifty cents to become his voucher,—they both being in the habit of frequenting the same grog shop. The consummation of the perjury was only prevented by the fact that Donaldson had not been naturalized himself, as they were going into the Court to take the oath.

ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL.—A colored man, named James Sanders, was brought before Alderman Gilmore, on Saturday morning, by Officer Forgo, charged with having assaulted the wife of another colored person, named Fernly, and upon her with a violent blow on the head with a marble spoke with intent to kill. The blow felled the poor woman to the floor, from which she was carried insensible and she has been in a critical situation ever since. The outrage was perpetrated in Fernly's own house in the absence of her husband. The prisoner was committed for ruffian. The citizens in Fernly a neighborhood are indignant at the outrage, and a large crowd was the consequence.

FIRE.—A fire broke out on Friday morning about 2 o'clock in the brick building, No. 1 Carter's alley, between Third and Fourth, above Chesnut, in the occupied by Messrs. Fergus, Stewart, and J. Brown and Sons, hat makers. The building was owned by Mr. Mowday and others. Several adjoining buildings were considerably injured. The building destroyed was valued at between $2,000 and $3,000. Insured in the Franklin Insurance. Mr Stewart was entirely uninsured. His loss is estimated at between $1,000 and $1,500. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

PICKPOCKET.—On Wednesday morning a man named James Conway, who had been arrested by officer Lyons, on the charge of picking pockets at the Wednesday evening, was brought before the Mayor charged with picking pockets. When searched two pocket-books, containing $12.87 were found on the man. The money was identified by the owners, directly under vignette of Washington on the $10 note, and on the $5 note, directly under vignette of Jackson, and on the $1 note, directly under vignette of Franklin. Conway is a native of Ireland, and has been lost at the Franklin Institute. He was committed to Moyamensing in default of $1200 bail.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.—On Friday afternoon last, the children connected with the Sunday Schools of the different Baptist churches in the city and county, met in Washington Square, accompanied by their teachers, and marched and countermarched between four and five thousand. They were preceded by a band of music. Both of their parents had been lost at the Franklin Institute. He was committed to Moyamensing in default of $1200 bail.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.—On Friday afternoon last, the children connected with the Sunday Schools of the different Baptist churches in the city and county, met in Washington Square, accompanied by their teachers, and marched and countermarched between four and five thousand. They were preceded by a band of music. Both of their parents had been lost at the Franklin Institute. He was committed to Moyamensing in default of $1200 bail.

FARRIER NUISAN GUN.—We learn that in consequence of the price lease of the room fronting the one of the Mayor's Office, which has been used for that purpose,

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $2.50 in advance if not a member.

Postmasters are requested to act as agents. The word "Post" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and offices.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office as per postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only † the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages be due.

Any person who shall procure Seven of several Post Paid names, will be entitled to an extra copy.

Communications must always state the Post office remained from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at say time.

To Correspondents.

"THE DEATH OF PEARCE," is on file. It shall appear at an early day.

The Moral verse by H. is block indeed. We can only publish a few values. Here they are.

His sins were many, but his faith was strong;
Life passed calm and unruffled, as
Down the evening breeze over the brown
Of some fresh forest lake there flows
In gentle and quietly. The clear ring of her
Merry laugh, and her cheek was
Sunny hills of her own woodland home.
And was her step so
From manual to mount with redoubled
Gladness."

It not this almost equal to Milton? necessarily it is not prose written as lines like poetry.

"BLACK PEARL" is too long for us, as well as too unpublished. The wit, to use a contradiction—is not wit. Is he satisfied?

"J. W. L's" geographical enigma is given out for examination.

GRAND RIVER," of by a young beginner, is passable. It will, however, require a little more practice before the effort might be more successful. Here is the best stanza—

"Let me sing thy current over,
And talk with nature in the wild.
For there
Associations
As doth a mother love her child.

BELLEMARATE'S PRIZE ENIGMA.—We have not a portion of it in good, in shift appear. The author, with care, can write well.

"I KNOW not to whom—P. R. adieu."

"ARIANNA" is too theological. We take odds with her not.

Financial Record.

Other Countries.

Bank of Lyons, Paris, N. Y.—Lyons, but as a pet to M. Bates, dated March, 1, 1840, Jno. W. Patchin, Cashier, R. H. Town, President. Vignette at top—Ceres under a tree—Rail Road Cars in the distance. On left margin, a female in a sitting position—on right margin, the denomination of the note. The words "New York Safety Fund," directly under vignette—"Bank of Lyon," dark, or than the genuine—paper light. Rawdon Wright & Co., Engravers.

Bank of New York, N. York.—10's altered into 50's and 20's, vignette of the altered bills—the Banking House on left of vignette—the left margin, figure of a Child—on the 5's this figure is on the right side. May be detected by the letter "B" not to bearer, the top of which is cut off by the alteration.

Merchant's Bank, Toronto, N. Y.—There is no such Bank in New York. Supposed to be altered from the Merchant's Bank, Toronto, Canada, a fraudulent concern.

Farmers & Mechanics' Bank, Philadelphia.—50's altered to 5's by Hent. dated, April 2d, 1839. Signed H. Kuhl, Cashier, J. Tagert, President.

Bank of Delaware, Wilmington, Delaware.—1's letter B. part of Bank, dated, Oct. 2d, 1837.

York Bank, York, Pa.—10's altered from Counterfeit 5's. Easily detected.

Bank of Commerce, Baltimore, Maryland.—10's letter B of various dates and payable to different persons. Signed James Crane, Cashier, L. Baker, President. Impressions of those names were over Officers of the Bank.

Bank of Verona, Verona, N. Y.—50's spurious letter A, signed H. Kuhl, Cashier, J. Tagert, President. May be detected by the signature—Stuller sitting on a bale of goods, looking as his right hand a flag—also the word Verona for Bank of Commerce, Baltimore.

Union Bank, New York.—1's old plate, letter H. dated (in blue ink) 14 July, 1830. Dan'l Jackson, President. Loney & Rollinson, Engravers. It is altogether a miserable affair.

Bank of Delaware, Wilmington, Delaware.—1's letter B. part of Bank, dated, Oct. 2d, 1837. Signed H. Kuhl, Cashier, J. Tagert, President.

Bank of Delaware, Wilmington, Delaware.—1's letter B. part of Bank, dated, Oct. 2d, 1837. Signed H. Kuhl, Cashier, J. Tagert, President.

Bank of Delaware, Wilmington, Delaware.—1's letter B. part of Bank, dated, Oct. 2d, 1837. Signed H. Kuhl, Cashier, J. Tagert, President.

BEN NOTES.—Notes purporting to be on the New York City Bank, there is no such Bank, are in circulation. The City Bank of New York is a different affair.

Political Intelligence.

Election Returns.

In these exciting Political times, we presume that many, if not most of our readers, will be anxious to hear of the results of the Elections, so far as they are correctly received. We give them below those of Philadelphia County and City, and of the counties of the interior of Pennsylvania, so far as received.

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

	Dem.	Whig.
J. C. Neal,	4631	2 Scattering, 7136
A. Miller,	4109	1 W. Toland, 7114

COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.

George Endes,	4203	William A. Crabb, 3933
Amos Hoopes,	4206	Samuel Mecr, 3933
Samuel Hood,	4206	J. R. Smith, 3933
T. B. Florence,	4206	Samuel E. Law, 3933
James Magee,	4206	R. M. Hanchman, 3933
William Lehman,	4206	J. Ross, 3933
Joseph Jackson,	4206	John Bush, 3933

COUNTY OF BUCKS.

Henry Horn,	4207	John Scott, 6303
	4207	Jacob Fry, 6303

COUNTY OF CHESTER.

Samuel H. Perkins,	4983	Thomas Bull, 6227
Michael Barker,	4983	William B. Reed, 6227
John Strode,	4983	Thomas Darlington, 6227
Joseph H. Lewis,	4983	William Morris, 6238
Wm. Baldwin, jr. in place of L. Lewis,	4966	Joseph Gibbons, in place of Lewis, 6214

COUNTY OF LANCASTER.

James Cummings,	5911	Samuel Norris, 6237
Henry Schaff, Sr.	4898	Roger D. Hall, 6219
William Graham,	4898	William Jones, 6219
Jacob Reed,	4783	Thomas S. Smith, 6237
Thomas Henry,	4898	Thomas Fenton, 6237
John Hall,	4898	Samuel Breck, 6237
Wm. Dilworth,	4898	Dr. Geo. B. Horner, 6231
Joshua Anderson,	4982	J. Y. Umphreys, 6239
Joseph Hemphill,	4982	Thomas Earp, 6237
J. Rutherford, Sr.	4895	David Weatherston, 6037
John Rutherford,	4895	Joseph Hemphill, 6037
D. M. Uber,	4895	Isaac Barton, 6237
T. E. Beck,	4895	Thomas Bull, 6237
William Butcher,	4895	Samuel W. Breck, 6237
John Fraser,	4895	Thomas Darlington, 6237
J. R. Patterson,	4797	Thomas Sturgeon, 6239
The Mellorgan,	4895	Thomas Earp, 6237
Wm. H. Hamilton,	4910	Andrew Cochran, 6030
John Forney,	4910	Dr. Geo. B. Horner, 6231
Robert Brown,	4910	Edward Pennington, 6238
	4910	
J. A. Dunn,	4819	H. McMahan, 6779
	Clerk of Gen'l Assembly.	
William O. Kinsey,	4833	Thomas Connell, 7022
	Auditor.	
Peter A. Gosline,	4783	John Green, 6240
	Surveyor.	

COUNTY OF BUCKS.

	Dem.	Whig.	Total.
Southwark,			
1st Ward	363	743	848
2d do	363	743	848
3d do	370	168	538
5th do	364	153	517
6th do	364	153	517
Moyamensing,			
1st Ward	372	101	473
2d do	366	80	446
3d do	130	320	450
4th do	129	320	449
5th do	129	320	449
Blockley,	316	78	394
Penn Township,	309	148	457
Passyunk,	314	148	462
Roxborough,	141	180	321
Germantown,	141	180	321
West Philadelphia,	141	180	321
Southwark,			
1st Ward	373	99	472
2d do	366	106	472

News.

...ceived by the Great Western from Liverpool to Holland and ...ed at Minister in London to ...ed for the month of ...that Gen. Hamilton, the ...of Texas, was about to in-

...ports from the Charleston ...ed that city through ...State of New Mexico had ...State of that State a well-...ed city.

...number of communications ...scarcely two—scarcely

...ed to the course of ...ed to the Whig ticket ...ed to the Whig ticket in Dorchester and St. Mary's counties; but the majority in the former is estimated at 350, in the latter at 500. That makes the general Whig majority, in the state, 2667, and the gain 3737.

CONNECTICUT.—The annual town meetings, for the choice of town officers, were held in about 100 of the 138 towns in Connecticut, last week—the remainder choosing in November. Returns have been received by the New York Commercial Advertiser, from 85 towns, 58 of which are Whig, and 27 Van Buren. Last year the Whigs carried 40 of these same towns, and the Van Burens ...ing a gain this year of 17 towns for the Whigs.

2d do	142	219	488
4th do	89	97	186
Passyunk,	222	54	276
Kingsessing,	134	78	212
West Philadelphia,	142	133	275
Blockley,	239	192	431
Roxborough,	445	125	570
Bristol,	125	185	310
Penn Township,	370	146	516
Germantown,	415	536	951

ASSEMBLY.

Southwark returns had not been made at the hour of going to press. The following had been received:

	Dem.	Whig.
Moyamensing,		
1st Ward	2207	895
2d do	2093	1674
3d do	372	1057
4th do	765	394
Passyunk,	1781	447
Kingsessing,	1134	616
West Philadelphia,	1118	1081
Blockley,	1824	1962
Penn Township,	2545	2775
Bristol,	972	1472
Penn Township,	1202	1166
Germantown,	0000	0000

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

Moyamensing,	791	573
Passyunk,	222	76
Kingsessing,	125	26
West Philadelphia,	139	115
Blockley,	277	231
Roxborough,	430	244
Bristol,	126	177
Penn Township,	371	141
Germantown,	000	000

Clerk of General Sessions.

Moyamensing,	783	589
Passyunk,	220	56
Kingsessing,	114	78
West Philadelphia,	141	105
Blockley,	230	218
Roxborough,	414	263
Bristol,	123	180
Penn Township,	370	84
Germantown,	000	000

Auditor.

Moyamensing,	798	000
Passyunk,	220	000
Kingsessing,	127	74
West Philadelphia,	142	121
Blockley,	231	220
Roxborough,	408	245
Bristol,	125	180
Penn Township,	372	84
Germantown,	000	000

THIRD DISTRICT.

Those with a * are the Whig Candidates

	N. Liberties.	Kensington. S. Garden.
Ingersoll,	2915	1962 1892
*McMichael,	2412	1878 1827
	Senate.	
*Cooper,	2926	1981 1928
*Keyser,	2346	1778 1827
	Assembly.	
Fallon,	2914	2012 1937
Hamilton,	2914	2011 1937
Painter,	2368	2010 1945
Wentz,	2327	2011 1937
Scott,	2314	1985 1934
Duffy,	2892	2009 1946
Russell,	2368	2007 1946
Connelly,	2917	2014 1937
*Hart,	2304	1951 1945
*Brock,	2298	1946 1937
*Stevenson,	2291	1155 1853
*Hughes,	2291	1155 1853
*Gregory,	2291	1147 1856
*Hollingsworth,	2293	1161 1852
*Smith,	2291	1161 1852
*Ellis,	2291	1161 1852

County Commissioners.

Dunn,	2926	1943 1892
*McMahon,	2313	1159 1760
	Auditor.	
Grayson,	2251	1028 1937
*Lewis,	2926	1981 1928

Clerk of Court of General Sessions.

Kline,	2926	1994 1786
*Smith,	2251	1158 1759

Assembly.

Ingersoll,	Unc. N. L.	Out. By'ry. Moreland. L. Dub
*McMichael,	181	2 2
	1	2 2
Cooper,	226	2 2
*Keyser,	173	2 2
	1	2 2
Fallon,	287	2 2
Hamilton,	287	2 2
Painter,	288	2 2
Wentz,	287	2 2
Scott,	287	2 2
Duffy,	287	2 2
Russell,	287	2 2
Connelly,	287	2 2
*Hart,	180	2 2
*Brock,	180	2 2
*Stevenson,	180	2 2
*Hughes,	180	2 2
*Gregory,	180	2 2
*Hollingsworth,	180	2 2
*Smith,	180	2 2
*Ellis,	180	2 2

County Commissioners.

Dunn,	299	2 2
*McMahan,	173	2 2
	1	2 2
Grayson,	00	2 2
*Lewis,	00	2 2

Clerk of Court of General Sessions.

Kline,	00	2 2
*Connell,	00	2 2

NORTHERN LIBERTIES

Mayor.

	Dem.	Whig.
John M Clemens,	2967	M. Y. Bryant. 2316

Senate.

Jonathan Snyder,	2264	Nathan L. Keyser. 2346
Thomas Ross,	2267	Dr. Rogers. 2346
W. Goldsmith,	2246	Henry Bird. 2324
Joseph Ridgway,	2267	Dr. Geo. B. Horner. 2346
Edward D. Martin,	2255	Charles J. Sutter. 2321
John Sergeant,	2267	Thomas Earp. 2346
Michael Leverage,	2243	Matthew Cartwright 2330
Jno. Sinclair,	2263	Peter Brevoort. 2329

Assembly.

Daniel Smith,	1999	Edward Turner. 1790
James Mahoney,	1963	Philip Dougherty. 1794
William Hinkle,	1971	William Holly. 1803
Joseph Hemphill,	1974	William Cooper. 1792
John Morris,	1966	Henry A. Beck. 1799

Commissioners.

James Esse, jr.	758	Robert McAfee. 564
Sylvester Martin,	762	Thomas Bonsall. 634
Wm. Gilmore,	733	Daniel Smith. 637
Wm. M'Gilvery,	612	Andrew Hunter. 607
Richard M'Laughlin,	612	Andrew Hunter. 607

COUNTIES OF THE INTERIOR.

BRADFORD.—In Ierke County our Whig ticket was run. The Democratic poll was, consequently, largely above ticket.

SUSQUEHANNA.—In Bucks the Whigs have carried their ticket by a majority of 336.

WAYNE.—In Lackawanna the Whigs have carried their ticket by the large majority of 2750.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Northampton, it is said, has gone for the Democrats by about 918 majority.

LEBANON	do	Whig do 300
LANCASTER	do	Dem. do 5000
CUMBERLAND	do	Democratic do 500
DAUPHIN	do	do do 1000
FRANKLIN	do	do do 1
BERKS	do	Democratic do 2000
YORK	do	do do 3000
	do	do do opposition 1067
LUZERN	do	Dem. do 1000
DAUPHIN	do	do do 1875
		Democratic do 1000
JUNIATA	do	Whig do 50
COLUMBIA	do	Democratic do 1116

Maryland Election.

COMPLETE RETURN.

The Legislature stands in both Houses—Senate, 15 Whigs to 6 V. B. House of Delegates, 60 Whigs to 19 V. B.

THE POPULAR VOTE.

	Legislature 1838.		Congress 1839.	
	Whig.	Dem.	Whig.	Dem.
Baltimore City,	5,000	4,000	5,000	4,000
Ann Arundel Co.	1,850	1,347	1,719	1,100
Baltimore Co.	3,000	2,000	3,000	2,000
Carroll,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Cecil,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Charles,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Dorchester,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Frederick,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Harford,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Kent,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Montgomery,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Prince George's,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Queen Anne's,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
St. Mary's,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Somerset,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Talbot,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Washington,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
	31,446	27,913	31,665	27,100
	27,913			
Whig majority,	3,533		V. B. maj.	1,565
V. B. maj.	1,620			
Whig gain,	4,780			

* Highest vote on each ticket.

The Legislature stands 15 Whig tickets in Dorchester and St. Mary's counties; but the majority in the former is estimated at 350, in the latter at 500. That makes the general Whig majority, in the state, 2667, and the gain 3737.

CONNECTICUT.—The annual town meetings, for the choice of town officers, were held in about 100 of the 138 towns in Connecticut, last week—the remainder choosing in November. Returns have been received by the New York Commercial Advertiser, from 85 towns, 58 of which are Whig, and 27 Van Buren. Last year the Whigs carried 40 of these same towns, and the Van Burens ...ing a gain this year of 17 towns for the Whigs.

We add below what counties we received last night, by the Southern mail. We have now returns from 62 counties, and correcting errors first occurred in the papers, the following is the result.

	1838.		1839.	
	Whig.	Dem.	Whig.	Dem.
16 counties,	15,000	12,000	15,000	12,000
Oneida,	1,727	972	1,727	972
Early,	911	345	963	360
Patrick,	490	1,011	476	1,023
Hunton,	613	858	499	655
Lewis,	1,100	1,100	1,100	1,100
Lawrence,	443	389	443	389
Cabell,	141	121	141	121
Meriwether,	711	799	711	799
Montgomery,	261	7	242	28
Pike,	538	625	538	625
Pulaski,	213	344	246	311
Randolph,	311	374	311	374
Wayne,	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
Wilkinson,	407	366	391	409
	31,500	24,214	27,994	23,366
	24,214		23,366	
	4576		4628	

The last Whig gain in the counties above is 3628 votes. Thirty one counties remain to be heard from.

New Jersey Election.

The official returns from the counties of this State have not yet reached us, but so far as accordant rumors and partisan statements go, there is little doubt but the majority will be over 2000 in most, if not all, of the Whig counties. The following tables, we believe, to be depended on for the result in the counties therein enumerated. It shows the comparative vote of this and last year.

	1840.	1839.	
Salem county,	1,20 Whig	191	Democrat.
Cumberland,	200	30	Whig.
Gloucester,	567	do	do
Mercer,	425	do	265 do
Burlington,	749	do	300 do
Somerset,	350	do	160 do
Essex,	1,700	do	700 do
Passaic,	200	do	70 do
Hudson,	192	do	50 do
Middlesex,	544	do	70 Whig.
Morris,	203	do	130 do
Cape May no opposition to Whigs.			
Bergen,	300	Democratic.	
Warren,	1,000	do	
Hunterdon,	500	do	

In Monmouth county, Upper Freehold township, gave 199 Whig gain.

Newark gives 735 for the Whig ticket.

Elizabethtown gives 1,000 for the Whig ticket.

Orange township gives 333 for the Whig ticket.

The result in Atlantic county has not yet come to hand, but it is expected by all parties to give a democratic majority. The difference looked for is in the majority.

VERMONT.—The Legislature of Vermont convened and held organization on the 9th inst. By a letter in the Boston Post, we learn that the official vote for Governor is as follows

Jennings,	23,433
Dillingham, V. B.	22,837
Whig majority,	10,798

The votes of Bates and Vershire appear to have been thrown out on account of informality. Including these votes, Dillingham's vote is the State is 23,659! Last year, 22,557. Increase, 703. Excluding them towns, the increase is 280. Increase of the Whig vote, nearly 3000.

DELAWARE.—The State election was held last week, and the returns from the county Van Buren county in the State, gave a Whig majority, for the first time in twelve years. The following are the returns in each of the counties. In Newcastle county, Whig majority 136. In 1838, Van Buren majority 208. Kent county, Whig majority 346. In 1838, Whig majority 239. In 1838, Whig majority 78. Whig majority, 1840, 722. Van Buren majority, 1838, 84. Net Whig gain, 706. The election of two Whigs to the United States Senate is now considered certain.

NEW YORK.—The number of votes registered in the city of New York, astonishes every body. The Register has been very busy. Sixty thousand registered, 2,500 more than ever before voted in the City—and in all probability, over 1000 per cent will choose to vote! The sales of canvassed brought by the Sabula, in February last.

ELECTORAL CANDIDATE DEAD.—The Belfast (Me.) Republican announces the death of John B. Neally, Esq., one of the Van Buren Electors for Governor Electors in that State. He resided at Monroe, in Waldo county. He death was caused by his own hand.

GOOD BUSINESS.—A company of sixty traders from the interior of Mexico, under the command of Mr. C. Hamilton, left Santa Fe on the 1st of June, upon arrived at Independence, Mo. on the 11th ult.

MAN KILLED.—At Bedford N. Y. last week, as a man was driving a team of oxen, he fell, and the cart named Amos Randall, was precipitated between the wheels by the sliding of the board and killed.

DR. HAND.—Dr. Hand, formerly of New Orleans has become a shoemaker. He tried imitating first and then failed.

THE SPEECH OF GOV. MORTON.—He asserted a sum clone for making political speeches, to suit all parties and on the most reasonable terms.

FROM FLORIDA.—By the steamboat Gen. Clinch Capt. Beckett, from Black Creek, we have received the following intelligence.

DEATH IN BOSTON.—Information in the city of Boston, for the last week, viz. Males 28—born in Ireland 13. Causes, consumption 5, &c.

The Burning Ship

For many years I have derived a fund from homes but still the fond remembrance of early engagements in that sweet spot clung to my soul, and because the ship was to be destroyed, I took my pencil, some of which the captain had taken to ornament his cabin. Agnes, in all her loveliness, was before me, and I was in the midst of sweet dreaming me to many an honorable action, and restraining me from every thing which could bring disgrace on my self-esteem. To her dear image I was indebted for the respect and esteem I gained of from every one on board. The master's mate had been promoted to a lieutenancy, and I was appointed to fill the vacancy. Agnes, I knew, rejoice in my heart at the prospect of once more embracing those who were so dear to me; and as this did the saddening sensations of distracting doubt agitate my breast.

One lovely evening, the sky was beautifully serene, and the sun, like a huge globe of fire, cast the golden rays of the setting sun, and the light breeze just lulled the spreading sails to sleep, produced a calm. The ship almost motionless, and the rate of three knots an hour. It was one of those evenings that baffle the painter's art, and only the poet can properly describe it. The sun was drawing to a close; it had struck eleven bells; the seamen on the lookout had responded to the cry, and the watch on deck was again relieved to solemn stillness. I was standing on the gang way, full of pensive musings, watching a brilliant star, just appearing in the west of the horizon, it beamed like a ray of hope irradiating the gloom which hung heavy upon my heart. Suddenly it expanded like a glowing meteor, and the ocean was illuminated for a short time. Consternation was struck, with astonishment; but at the same moment an exclamation resounded fore and aft, "A ship on fire! a ship on fire!" and the horrid conviction was, alas! too evident. In a few minutes the flames were distinctly visible, and the ship was enveloped in the whole blaze of distant.— Never before did I witness such alacrity among our crew as in that hour of peril. The captain, and every officer and man were on deck immediately; and as it was impossible for the frigate to approach in sufficient time to rescue the sufferers, boats were lowered with the greatest expedition. Before the first boat left the ship, I had descended into it, and was pushing off from the frigate's side, when I perceived that Agnes was not with us. In the confusion, I had not observed her descend with the others, and I was overpowered with the most agonizing sensations. I was about to return to the frigate, when I was told that she was in the boat. Before leaving the ship, I had observed the captain's wife and daughter, and I knew them not to be in the boat. Agnes, I knew, was not with us, and my anguish was indescribable

THE CLIO.

Devoted to the uses of life, That gives it full fruition.

From the N. O. Picayune.

The "Red Horse"—Shrievalty.

"Sir down, sir—you are no Assessor, I'm sure. Drawing pay up at my house, sir—here you will see it mentioned in the Sketch Book. This is the "entire parlor" he speaks of—see, there is his picture!"—*Mine Host of the "Red Horse."*

His picture! as if he! with that Mimicked *fac-similes!* And lookin' every inch of him A gentleman and a scholar! Sir, Wash. was the little room To which you ushered your visitor, And smoked, and dozed and "took your ease," As you were you then be from!

Well, Wash., in that same Sketch you names A pretty little "harmonist," But that is sheer private spite, Be it said to her shame or need She's his a viewin' in and out A actin' of the tin things, So tuneful, as to times English Jenn you always see change.

It can't be he!—she's "best the kge— Fashion it is the imagine, You a good mind to ask, alms! Perhaps I hadn't oughter; So fare you cantrid disturbed bills— Friend you, and drawyers bond "Till that same "harmonist" you charged To send you off to bed!

Well, Wash., we've his all our own town, The same with my strangers! I chatted with the old lady yet Above the clinkerpotic stairs! Your name, with Mr. Fox Brown s in Inscribed visitor's register, Dear Kinderhook a-feathers a Structural a Kinderhook!

Well, you did right right indeed To remember the two spoons, Two other Kinderhook and those, Yard, surely there are few spots? The Hudson and the Avon now Yet visible so together!

And some and puddle ducks of course, Be fowls of the same feather!

Well, Wash., them hangs your picture, and I'll just say "how d'ye do?" Now you, sir, shut your mouth, reply Pretty well, thanks, how are you?" You looks as in your picture, eq'ine Consistin' this cigar; I hope you get a better one From the lady at the bar.

A talkin' of cigars, d'ye know— I don't smoke it is spit, Your pictures always take me think I'm of vigour and part! There's something comfortable 'bout Your arm-chair as a host— I don't know why—is a kind of Reasoning in your look!

Remember, I kind a one you Up taste on the North River, You looks as in your picture, eq'ine Point, and sweet liver, Your head a little on you side, Your brain keen as a chisel; Your eyes upon the ceiling, and Your fancy here and there!

You're thinkin' one of stranded, Shakespeare's cruelty and his tomb! Ay now, with a half smile, you call To mind this little room; The paper! and the pint at ale! The cress and chicken so bright, That small fowl were gave my neighbor as They entered with the "light.

And time, with a half sigh, you says "That's about many years!" And still a bachelor!—and then You sigh again you know! And then a worse case of Some matter—and short sheet; And then you starts! and goes to work Like fury on the pen!

Hereby Concentrated Talking.—"Waiter," said a squatter'ial aunt of one of our hotels, "waiter, bring me the nutritive vegetables."

"The who', sa'," said the waiter.

"The nutritious vegetables, fol low."

"Haven't got a single drop of that brand left in the cellar, sa," said the waiter, not wishing to show his ignorance, and believing it was some rare wine which was called for—"sorter like Lafitte though, sa, and none very fine sparkling Juck; bring you a bottle?"

"Waiter," said the enquirer, in a drawling tone, "waiter, you are excessively ignorant—you are—you are an unfounded idea of vulgarity. Bring me the pot-tatoes, fol low."

"Sa'isgly, sa," said the remover of greasy galore, starting his tongue over every word—

"Sa'isgly, sa—couldn't understand you when you spoke French."

Away he flew and in a moment a plate o potatoes was placed before the lexidecimal dandy.

The Last and the Lawyer, on Human Cuticle.—An old dame, named Hannah Yeaman arrayed by a keen cross examination in the Court of Queen's Bench, became sorely, and exclaimed, "Don't you go for to ax any kevestions, I'm not a-going to be bothered in this way, I'm too bold." Chief Justice Denman. "You must answer the questions or I must commit you." Witness: "Cannot your granny! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you bought." The young woman got up for her lavidence when we, war taken least of the Court 'ell' dead and all through you, sitting there so kevest in your big wig, and also in the materials. For shame" (Roars of Lough.)

Nothing or Sentility.—Some people form their notions of gentility from old concomitants. A cadaverous look up a well dressed lunatic. When had made use of expressions that rather startled him, and he observed to a friend of his, a hackney coachman, that he had no idea the children became more expensive as they grew older. "Why," replied the coachman, "she wasn't a lady." "I beg your pardon," replied the cabman, a "real lady, sir, and feathers."

Sweet.—Sir J. Herschel in his "Preliminary Treatise to Natural Philosophy," first directed attention to the fact that by the application of one of the thousand of needle, (subjunctive need,) more than their own weight of sugar can be obtained from rags! Judging from some rags that we have seen, we think sugar would "smell as sweet" if made from something else.

New Remedy for the Toothache.—A doctor in Portland announces, as the last remedy for toothache, that the tooth must be filled with steam—then you are to *bang your head against the wall until it turns to butter.* Query, the wall the cream, or the head?—Picayune.

We think it was the patient himself who became the *butter.*

How a Rich Man may Drink.—Nobody blames a rich man for going with his elbows out, because every one knows that he can afford them enough to get him a new coat; but it is unpardonable in a poor man to go ragged, because every one knows that it is out of his power to do otherwise.

Too Bad!—In a village church, a few Sundays back, the Clergyman having published the banns of marriage, was very aptly followed by the clerk reading the following announcement:—"Notaken ceale, who dreans of Heaven."

Insinuation.—The New York Star undertakes to derive the words "King Jeremiah" from a cucumber: thus—Cucumber—jherkin—jerkin —Jerry King—King Jeremiah."

A Trying Medical.—We see in a Massachusetts paper an advertisement of a patent medicine, which, be be of any use, the advertiser says must be applied internally and not externally.

Lost.—There's a man out East who is so small that he frequently gets lost, and is obliged to go about with a candle and ring a bell, to find out what's become of himself.

A Good Reply.—"Hollo there, you little ragged, bare-footed, bare-headed Sailor! what's your master?" "*Want is my master,*" replied the poor outcast, "and a bad one he is."

The Mother of Napoleon.

At half-past twelve I took my leave of Mr. Lætitia Bonaparte, mother of the exile of Rome, to visit the Palace Rinuccini. The ambassador laughingly said to me—

"I am going to see a woman," I answered. "You will be in very good company, sir."

"Look at her a bit's for me."

Some minutes afterward I was on the Palace Venezia, which was decorated and guarded by 0 men. The Palace of Venice, then illumined, bore the gloomy appearance of a prison, which the ordinary darkness is. I was conducted my way to the Palace of Rinuccini, which on entering appeared to me the temple of silence and of death. A multitude of little ideas proceeded from the door, which was carefully shut behind me.... The vestibule was so cool as the interior of a pyramid, notwithstanding the intolerable heat of the day. I was conducted through a number of apartments by a servant, who respectfully opened the gilded door of a saloon, and announced me to Madame Letitia.

I seated myself at the invitation of a young lady, who was the companion of the aagnate lord, and waited to be addressed before I ventured to speak. Our conversation began by exchanging the usual compliments. The lady and I were calling. I was singularly struck with the frumness of Madame Letitia's voice. I beheld her so weak, so emaciated, so ill, so worn with care, so bent, and old age that every word she uttered I feared would be her last; and that the galvanic power of her voice was like a lamp, which burns bright, or just before it expires. When I entered, the august invalid was reclining on a small, narrow couch, which she had not left since her fatal fall at the Villa Vicenza, four years previous to this period! With the assistance of her companion, she half raised herself, and remained in that position during my visit. Her eyes, open and fixed appeared to wander about the saloon, as if in search of something. I did not then pity her for being blind, for what she could see was not worth having been conceded her. Most all the pictures and the statues of Gem, of Imbey, of Girodet, of David, of Bossi, of Canova, and of Thorwaldsen, were only brought to mind unheard of catastrophies, violent deaths, and triumphant victories, changed into scenes of horror. To behold this brilliant exhibition of the renowned acts of the hero, this domestic pantheon, in frames or on pedestals, surrounding a blind, exiled, dying mother, could scarcely penetrate my tears, and appear obliged to screw up all my resolution, for fear of betraying, by the tremulous accents of my voice, the cause of my emotion, and then render visible to the blind mother those pictures where her sons and grandsons smiled upon her in their imperial joy, and during those prosperous days which are now for ever gone.

Two incidents appear worthy of being recorded of my first interview with the mother of Napoleon:

"Were you in Paris," she said to me, "when they replaced the statue of my son on the column of Vendome?"

"Yes, madame."

"What effect did it produce in Paris?"

"It was a day of great rejoicing for all the Parisian population. They appeared as if attending the resurrection of the Emperor."

"It must have been very grand: My secretary read to me from the newspapers the details of that grand day; but still the description were so short—had they been longer I should have still found them incomplete. A mother! I was no much astonished that they did not give to the statue of my son the magnificence it merited.

"There were different opinions on this subject some thought that the Emperor should be represented in his most popular dress, the one that Europe knew and loved; and their opinion prevailed.

Madame Letitia was silent for some minutes; as if reflecting; she then resumed the subject to ask me what I thought of the manner that was given the Emperor on the column.

"I acknowledge," said I, "that there are exceptions because of those representing the Emperor; I was necessary to perpetuate his heroic figure in all the simplicity of costume, that after ages might see it as we have seen it, rather than in an ideal conception, envelope, in the folds of a Roman toga, madame, that this costume would be more in its place on another monument. Another period, perhaps, will have from choice for their modern statue; but if we have committed a fault of architecture, an honorable excuse may be found in the interest of the nation."

The venerable woman shook her head, with an air of approbation, and with a deep drawn sigh, said—

"I never shall see that—never! Several engravings of the column were sent to see from Paris. And why my poor eyes, how I regretted them! I saw the drawings by feeling them. If I had been in Paris, God would have given me strength to have ascended the column that I might be fully convinced. I fear that they wanted to deceive a poor mother, to exile and blind. Are you convinced of that? Age and misfortune render one imperious."

All this was said with difficulty, the words interrupted sigh sighs, with long pauses, and convulsive efforts. I feared that each word would be the last to escape from that mouth, which was so pallid that it appeared to belong to the tomb much sooner than to the land of the living. When she recruited her strength a little, she said—

"It is very cruel to live as I live, here, on a bed of suffering, and so far from the children that have nothing to divert me, and I am always thinking! When I could walk I went sometimes to roam at St. Marie De Portico, or to San Lorenzo in Lucina. I sometimes walked in the Villa Borghese; that is a French quarter, is it not? In the year, what the darkling twilight is to the day —an hour—a time for romance and reflection.... The passing and evanescent cloud, the sere and falling leaf, the plaintive, murmuring rill, each and all bear the impress and character of change, and each may "point a moral," if not "adorn a tale." When we are advised, and we can bring these evidences of decay—these presages of the dying year, our feelings become attuned in unison with the varying phases which surround us, and we are prone to dream, a contrast between the present gloom that shrouds the prospect, and the gaiety and brightness that have so lately adorned the scene when nature was in her meridist mood, and the air was perfumed with the ever breathing incense of the violet and the rose. They conduct bring but little to cheer the mind, delight the eye, or enliven the imagination, yet it is full of profitable and varying reflection. It speaks directly to our better feelings, incites to reflection, and admonishes us by intuitive, of our own ever changing life; and of our inevitable destiny to which we are hurrying on with irresistible energy. Even when thought, when we look round about us—conscious of our own fate, and how little we are the creatures of our own will, and subject to the sport of circumstances—how much the best of us, when wrapt of the artificial and empty phantoms of conventional society, and the vanities of life have often thought! I say, after such a review, how much there is in it to humble our pride, temper our folly aspirations, and teach us our own littleness and insignificance to the scale of being.

Philada. Gaz. 1833, 1840. W.

The Invisible Musicians.—"I say, Jon, have you ever seen Jullien's band at the Opera?"

"Yes, I saw them the other evening, but why were all behind a curtain, clean out of sight?"

"Well, they made their music unseen, don't they? equal to the music of the spheres. Now's heard them, haven't ye?"

"Yes, I have."

Political Asses.—The N. Y. Mercury says "it was looked upon as a wonder when Balaam's ass spoke; but now a days, *asses do mostly all the speaking.*" Political orators are requested to take due notice of this, and "govern themselves accordingly."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

To C. B.

Forgot him mother 'tis in vain,
I from him finally part;
The sad and blighted heart may break,
But never can forget.

I know that he has wronged me,
I know he's broke his vow;
But ever, ah! ever, I mourn'd him true,
And love him even now.

Look on you silent moon, mother,
That rolls on high above,
Then think on me, and pity me,
For I am sick with love.

He told it not in words, mother,
No words had e'er the power,
To make me cling to him as I
To the memory of that hour.

But, oh! his dark eyes, mother,
That glance, I can't tell why,
And the mute gesture of his hand,
No words, no tongue can tell.

Conversationists.

Canning, Sheridan, Curran.

Canning was lively; but he had not a fund of talk for all days. He had high spirits, but wit and sweetness, and three were times when, like Hotspur, he seemed to think the earth "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and the sky a collection of pestilent vapors. The fluctuations of his public career might have, in some degree, accounted for this; for whereas as the House of Commons talents were, he never felt himself recognised as one of the natural possessors of power. His clearest spirits and merriest moments, always glanced on him in the light of an adventurer before the very courteous, but very arrogant, aristocracy of England.

But even in the midst of society, Canning was often silent, sometimes singularly so; unless, for the moment, he had high spirits, but was then sometimes, freely, incessant, and entertaining. Low spirits killed him at last, and robbed the country of an elegant, cultivated, and not ill-disposed public mind.

Burke's reputation belongs to the lost century. Johnson said of him that he "was always ready for talk, that he was never brought down, that he spoke from the fullness of his mind." All excellent preparations, but still wanting the finish of conversation. He failed, with all his powers, as in society; he was rapid, abrupt, and altogether too "political" for a master of conversation; he seldom talked for talk's sake, and was never happy in their expansion. His excellence was with the pen in his hand. He then had time to consider, arrange, and to give the beauty of powerful conceptions. Of all the thinkers of England, living or dead, he was the most vivid, the most original, and the best. But this was the product of his desk; there he carried his diamonds in the rough, and shaped and set them, until he effected them to the world flashing and sparkling, as no dealer in intellectual brilliants had ever exhibited them before. But Burke has left a few unrecastened remembrances distinguished for either happiness or poignancy, for easy elegance or pointed splendor.

Curran, the Irish barrister, had, perhaps, the highest conversational ability of any man of his day. He certainly had astonishing wit. There are some showy conceptions of Curran on record, but they are not those of his best moments, and the period was remarkable for the animation and cultivated elegance of its society. Dermodies House and the Prince's table furnished the centre round which perpetual pleasantry gathered; where a perpetual rivalry of wit was sustained; where the political disappointments forced the associates to look for their resources in spirited contempt and showy ridicule. As men are generally the worst writers, so they are often the best talkers, and forget the author, when they effect them to the world flashing and sparkling, as no dealer in intellectual brilliants had ever exhibited them before. But Burke has left a few unrecastened remembrances distinguished for either happiness or poignancy, for easy elegance or pointed splendor.

Curran, the Irish barrister, had, perhaps, the highest conversational ability of any man of his day. He certainly had astonishing wit. There are some showy conceptions of Curran on record, but they are not those of his best moments, and the period was remarkable for the animation and cultivated elegance of its society. Dermodies House and the Prince's table furnished the centre round which perpetual pleasantry gathered; where a perpetual rivalry of wit was sustained; where the political disappointments forced the associates to look for their resources in spirited contempt and showy ridicule. As men are generally the worst writers, so they are often the best talkers, and forget the author, when they effect them to the world flashing and sparkling, as no dealer in intellectual brilliants had ever exhibited them before. But Burke has left a few unrecastened remembrances distinguished for either happiness or poignancy, for easy elegance or pointed splendor.

Horrors of the Guillotine.

In the south, toward the close of last September, the following circumstances occurred:—A think it was at Pontarlier.—The officers went to a man in prison, whom they found quietly playing at cards, and gave him notice that he was to die in two hours. The wretched creature was horror-struck: for, during the six months that he had been forgotten, he had no longer thought on death; he had even begun to hope that his trial would be was placed in the fatal cart, and taken to the place of execution: the executioner took him from the cart, tied him down and bound him on the guillotine, and then let loose the axe. The heavy triangle of iron slowly detached itself, rolling by jerks down the side, and, horrible to relate, it wounded the man without killing him! The poor creature uttered a frightful cry. The fine-hearted executioner hoisted up the axe, and let it slide down again. A second time the neck of the malefactor was wounded, without being severed. Again he shrieked, the crowd joining him; the executioner completed the work of